

PRICE

# Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

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# The Winter Annual

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# *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*

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*America's Magazine of  
Wit, Humor and  
Filosophy*

APRIL, 1922

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**"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is  
loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.**

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**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and  
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**



## *Drippings From the Fawcett*

**R**EADERS of this little bundle of farm-yard foolishness and philosophy may have gotten a kick out of some of our jabs at the movie colony that hangs out at Hollywood—on the Pacific Coast near Los Angeles.

There are estimated to be about 30,000 people engaged in the motion picture industry in Hollywood and environs. Out of this crew there are a lot of lame-brains, a goodly sprinkling of nincompoops, who flaunt their peccadillos with a too-apparent wish to have them noticed and press-agented. They wear brass-band clothes, ride around in noisy cars with license tags like "Fatty" Arbuckle's "606," and live noisy lives.

By the very nature of their employment they are in the public eye and everything they do comes under the public's microscope. Every move they make is published to the eager world by their zealous press agents. A home-brew party in a bungalow comes forth a "Neroesque orgy in a mansion," as Waldemar Young put it. And yet, goodness knows, they probably have enough of the real kind—and we envy them.



**H**OWEVER, what are we coming to, is that the noisy movie people have their prototypes everywhere in society and its numerous substrata, and we for one are not going to make any scavenger's holiday out of the William Desmond Taylor murder mess in Los Angeles.

Taylor appears to have been an artist of high calibre—hard-working, earnest, capable and a gentleman. But he permitted himself to be murdered—and he was a movie director. Consequently the public immediately put Taylor on trial. They dragged his name through the mud, swishing, swashing. Having put Taylor on trial, it was found that he had taken a stage name—a common thing in the movie and the fight game. But when a man gets murdered he ought to be more careful.

Man of mystery, "Dual life." Perhaps yes and perhaps no.

But a lot of buncombe, any way you look at it—Imbecilic, puerile. That's what we think of the campaign of calumny against the motion picture colony growing out of the Taylor murder.

\* \* \*

**T**HE other day we read a statement from Frank Mayo, a movie actor, who burst out with this denunciation: "The Hollywood film colony is a pernicious influence.



Scatter it, abolish it, burn it up—I say.” Mayo ought to be ashamed of himself. We might just as sensibly orate Robbinsdale—burn it up, scatter red pepper in every front yard and squirt formaldehyde through every key-hole. Somebody tried to rob the Robbinsdale bank and got killed at it.

As we have hereinbefore set forth, there are a lot of tramps in Hollywood—just as there are a lot of undesirables in Robbinsdale, in Minneapolis, in Chicago. And there are just as many honest, decent men and women in the picture business as in the ranks of the sanctimonious reformers, even if they do not go around mouthing the scavenger’s chant “I am holier than thou.”

If Mayo had said: “Run out the undesirables,” we might have joined with him in a hearty “amen.” But it is childish and surely unfair to damn the good with the bad.

The mayor of Los Angeles insists that the actresses and actors of Hollywood are fine citizens, good neighbors and respectable ladies and gentlemen. Adolph Zukor, who is head of the Famous Players, declares: “There is no more immorality in Hollywood than in the New York Stock Exchange”—not much of a boost for Hollywood but a powerful statement just the same.



**F**INALLY, you find Hobart Bosworth throwing the responsibility squarely in the faces of an audience that listened to him: "You think that we of the motion picture world are rotten. Through the confessions of the box office we know that you, the public, are rotten."

Mayo's statement is not true. The man who agrees with him has forgotten that things exist because certain definite forces have brought them into being—and Hollywood, even though rotten to the core, burnt up or scattered would arise again somewhere else. The mayor of Los Angeles spoke half the truth, at least. The motion picture people are folk like all the rest. Bosworth is blind. He is angry when he should be sympathetic, despising when he should be greatly moved by the pathos of the spectacle.

If there is weakness in the movie picture colonies the imperfections are not the result of viciousness and immorality in the public that Bosworth calls "rotten." It is the effect of loneliness and frustrated hopes that sends the starved ones to the movies. It is no small thing in each human being—that longing for beauty and the allurements of wealth, love and triumph. But the sum of all this longing combined and packed into the streams that flow toward Hollywood is stupendously powerful.

It makes life what it is in the motion pictures, brings out the noise in those who have not had proper advantages and makes puppets



of men and women who ought to be just "plain folk" and ruins their lives.

\* \* \*

**B**UT so far as William Desmond Taylor is concerned—We are unable to see that the movies made a puppet out of him. He was in life respected by his associates—a leader, a life respected by his associates—a leader, a man of ideals. And that is why the little old Whiz Banger refuses to be stampeded with the gang that is burrowing in the Hollywood garbage can, seeking delicacies of juicy, ripe dirt to twist their long tongues around.

\* \* \*

**W**E'VE heard the story of the lions and the lionesses, tigers and tigresses, and bears and bear cubs, but not until we became a guest on board the U. S. S. Niagara in Havana harbor of Lieutenants Parsons and Faga did we really discover the superintelligence of wild animals. The first member of the crew we met was a jovial gob, Jack Sellers, who introduced us to his Pride and Joy, the mascot, a big black bear.

"This bear is very intelligent," vouchsafed Sellers. "You know we sailors sleep in hammocks on the decks. In the middle of the night when the bear gets cold he sneaks around and steals blankets off the sleeping gobs. He carries the blankets to a secluded spot on the ship and piles them evenly, one on top of the other, until he gets forty or fifty. He then retires for



a comfortable nap on his downy bed. When the gobs are awakened from the chill and find their blankets missing they immediately search for Bruin. Would you believe it, that bear won't let any jackie take his bedding until he first smells him and then sniffs at the pile of blankets? When he finds the rightful owner he pulls out his blanket from the pile and gives it to him."

Woof! Woof! Woof!

\* \* \*

*A New York poet who knows the yearnings of a demi-virgin's heart gave this verse the title "Naughty—But Nice," a plagiarized version of an original poem under that title which was published in an early issue of the Whiz Bang and the Whiz Bang Winter Annual. The New York Times, in publishing this verse, believes a more fitting title would be:*

### It Can't Be Done

*I want to be naughty, but I want to be nice,  
I don't mind the route, but I don't like the price.  
I want to do what the other girls do—  
Tease 'em, and cuddle up, and bill and coo.  
Blacken my eyes, and powder my nose;  
Roll my cigarettes and my hose;  
Rouge my cheek and pencil my lip;  
Carry a silver flask on my hip;  
Tango a little, and shimmy a lot;  
Park my corset when the weather gets hot.  
Ride and swim and golf and skate;  
Take the fences instead of the gate.  
Break all records—yes, all but one—  
And be good and true when the game is done.  
I don't like pepper, but I do love spice;  
I want to be naughty, but I want to be nice.*



"**D**EAR BILLY," writes Chris Corey, a Minneapolis pill pusher, "You are always writing jokes about other tradesmen but nothing about we druggists. Now, you know we all handle the Whiz Bang and are great boosters for it, so please give us a joke about the pill pounders."

All right, Chris, here's one, having to do with your recent convention of druggists in Minneapolis—The chairman rapped with his gavel, "You are out of order, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman," responded the speaker, "I never felt better in my life."

\* \* \*

They have a new way of catching whitefish at Breezy Point in the winter months. The fisherman repairs to the frozen over river with a hammer, a saw and a can of peas. He cuts a hole in the ice, sprinkles the peas around the edge of the hole and when the fish comes up to take a bite he hits him over the head with the hammer.

\* \* \*

**A**MERICANS in Cuba for the most part are strictly business. I hadn't been in Havana twenty-four hours until fellow citizens tried to sell me the Malecon; Morro Castle; the Almendares; a boneless elephant; some finless fish; fiddlers' soup; and a throatless frog. I'll tell you our brother Americans in Cuba are great for business.



**"Humor"**

The following is a vivacious little conceit, entitled "Humor," culled from Laura Benet's "Fairy Bread." (Thomas Seltzer.)

*A fairy dances  
In upland pastures,  
Picking tart crabapples,  
Swinging low;  
Twisted and green,  
Elfin-mouth, lean,  
His feet may be chained  
They are never slow.*

*He slyly peeps under  
Bushes of wonder,  
Hunts for thistles  
In hedgerow trees  
And straight thereafter  
Tickles to laughter  
Solemn asses  
On bended knees.*

*Where his sharp wits go  
Occasions grow,  
The blind see meadows  
Of waving corn;  
Men mazed with talking  
Find lost hopes walking  
When he conjures roses  
Out of a thorn.*

\* \* \*

**Turn 'im Loose, Judge!**

Judge—Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—I was going to plead guilty, yer honor, but my lawyer has convinced me that I am innocent.



## **The Boys in the Back Room**

"Vat will you haf?"

"Vat haf you got?"

"Ve haf some nice ha'f and ha'f."

"You haf? Ha'f vat and ha'f vat?"

"Ha'f ha'f of vun per cent dark and ha'f ha'f of vun per cent light."

"Vell, I think I'll haf to haf a seegar."

\* \* \*

"Maud kicked the bucket," said Gus, as he sadly surveyed the spilt milk.

\* \* \*

## **Sob Stuff**

Dear Capt. Billy Fairfax—I'm on a visit from the East. Fell in love with a Western girl. For the past six months I have been faithful to her, I thought my love was returned and never looked at anyone else. Took her around the country some and to different places of amusement. Finally on a beautiful moonlight night I took her in my arms. Oh, my, I can see her now—her beautiful face, Oh, those eyes, those nose, those mouth, those beautiful hair.

I kissed her and she closed her beautiful eyes. She was happy I thought. Things went on fine but as I had not been in the town long I didn't know much of what had been going on. Then to my sorrow I found there was someone else, a guy with a super-six and a tin ear. I was broken-hearted, she had lied, used me for a fool. Then this shy, modest thing I had trusted crushed me by telling others she had never cared for me and also laughingly told them of my lovesick talk. What do you think of that for honor and decency? She continues to talk and my life is a miserable affair.

Please advise me what to do, because if my wife ever hears what this girl has to say she'll "raise 'ell."—Pete Olson.



### Iowa Frivol Pulls This One

An optimist is a man going up the river with a canoe, a girl, a basket, a blanket and a couple of pillows.

A pessimist is the same man coming back.

\* \* \*

She was so bow-legged she could wear a pair of parenthesis for stockings!

\* \* \*

### The Height of Ambition

I sure got a fine job since I came out of the Army.

What's that.

Well, you know the fellow that hammers underneath the passenger cars, well, I help him listen.

\* \* \*

### Ancient Stuff

El—"What did you give the baby when it was christened?"

Ella—"A silver spoon."

El—"Was it a good one?"

Ella—"I'll say it was. It had 'Blackstone Hotel' on it."

\* \* \*

Ikenstein—"Your new stenographer iss a beaut. Can she spell?"

Rubenstein—"Vat hass that to do vid it?"

\* \* \*

Speaking of stingy people, I knew a fellow that had two teeth extracted and then wanted the price of his board reduced.



## Hollywood Flirtations

*(The following item was written a few days before the tragic death of Mr. Taylor. Miss Normand at this time is reported the last known visitor to Mr. Taylor's apartment before the slaying.)*

**M**ABEL NORMAND is tripping the light fantastic at the Cocoanut Grove very often. Sometimes it's William D. Taylor, Lasky director, and we also hear that Mack Sennett gave her a wonderful birthday party and many presents. When the girls get Mabel to talk in the seclusion of her own boudoir, the sly gal brings out a little bag just dangling full of nice diamond solitaire engagement rings. When she gets a new one she gives the bag a toss and giggles! That's how seriously Mabel takes this matrimony stuff!

\* \* \*

**A**N ironic fact has put May Collins into the very dressing room at the Mayer studio formerly occupied by Mildred Harris. May, you know, has been often reported as engaged to Charlie Chaplin, Mildred's noted ex. Miss Collins, it is said, found a picture of Charlie in a remote drawer of the dresser, wiped off the dust and stuck it in the mirror for her own perusal!



**B**EBE DANIELS' grandmother, her mother and Jack Dempsey all deny that Bebe and Jack are to wed. Reporters have even interviewed the family cat on the subject, but the news tip has fallen flat all around!

\* \* \*

**A**ND, speaking of Charlie Chaplin, his leading lady, Edna Purviance (who was one of Charlie's early loves as well) is reported engaged to Paul Hunter, wealthy business man and polo player of Pasadena.

\* \* \*

**L**UCILLE CARLISLE again will be leading lady for Larry Semon. She formerly was engaged to marry Semon, but suddenly the engagement was declared off; she left the studio and nothing had been heard of her for several months. Now it appears that all is again sweetness and light between Miss Carlisle and the comedian.

\* \* \*

**W**HIZ BANG will soon invade a new territory. We believe that the Laguna Beach and La Jolla artist colonies have been too long neglected in our zeal to disclose those little personal affairs out in Hollywood. While fair and winsome Hollywood nobly tows a few barges of stuff, Whiz Bang's astute investigators have discovered naughty Laguna Beach doing just terrible things and getting away with it because there are four hours of muddy automobile road away from any sort of



town. La Jolla has this week confirmed some of our suspicions in the bathing suit marriage which took place when Del Carmen and Sarah Andrews plighted their serious (?) troth in the trough of the ocean. Artist like, they just wanted to be "different."

Of course you wouldn't think an artist who paints with a brush could be as lowbrow as those Hollywood actors, but you just ought to be in on some of the parties staged down at sneaky little Laguna Beach. An artist colony (many of them people of national reputation, too), resides there permanently in a little world of their own. Judging from several little Bohemian affairs visited by Whiz Bang's official chaperone, we would judge that everyone's in love with best friend's wife, and best friend doesn't even care! Sandals, and loose sloppy clothes and no haircuts usually travel with freedom of thought. That's why it's hard to believe that some of Hollywood's most athletic, healthiest, best groomed and best clothed actors are seeped in sin!

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and the Motion Picture Producers' Association have just joined forces to combat magazine and newspaper propaganda tending to paint Hollywood as a modern Babylon. Whiz Bang suggests the simple expedient of throwing loads of mud at somebody else (perhaps Laguna or La Jolla), thus diverting the scandal hungry



eyes of the nation away from Hollywood long enough to pull a few more good parties.

\* \* \*

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN and Douglas Gerard gave a lovely dinner party in honor of Mme. Anna Pavlowa, husband and company on their recent visit to Los Angeles. This year's party was drier than the last, but Douglas, we haven't forgotten that party you gave in Anna's honor about two years ago! The Wilshire district and Los Angeles "upper ten" gave a smart tea in the afternoon at the residence of a well-known society woman. Everyone in society was there and poor Anna shook hands and said polite things until her patience was almost at an end. So, when Douglas' party was pulled off that evening 'tis said Anna cut loose, enjoyed a lot of naughty stories and vowed she preferred Bohemians! You know Douglas can tell 'em, too!

\* \* \*

**I**T WAS only two weeks ago that we thought we saw Mabel Normand dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with F. Richard Jones, chief director under Mack Sennett, but Mabel "bawled" out a morning sheet for insinuating such a thing, so maybe it isn't true! Anyhow, Mrs. F. Richard has just filed suit for divorce. She asks \$1,000 a month alimony, claiming hubby earns \$100,000 a year. Mutual jealousy seems to have caused the break-up.



**"BILLIE"** RHODES, comedy star of picturedom, has filed a divorce action against William Jobelmann, a theater publicity man. She charges he drank, even stealing a bottle from her own private stock to appease his desire. This, says Billie, capped the climax and she asks her freedom.

\* \* \*

**MRS. THELMA MORGAN GOETZ**, pretty English actress, has just divorced Ronald Goetz, formerly a captain in the English army. They are both members of Hollywood's film colony. "He made a wonderful lover," complained the wife, but not a good husband. He wanted his fling—he craved variety."

\* \* \*

**PARAMOUNT** opened its Wilshire district studio just recently. Was it for this reason that the Los Angeles police department found it necessary to open a Wilshire station the same day?

\* \* \*

*When a woman puckers up her lips to be kissed she is just setting her trap.*

\* \* \*

Man is somewhat like a sausage,  
Very smooth upon the skin,  
But you never can tell exactly  
How much hog there is within.

\* \* \*

*"Youth must have its fling," said the Scotchman, as he started his bag-pipe working.*



**Torch's Best One**

She (to fair friend)—"I'm not going with Bill any more."

Fair Friend—"Why not?"

She—"He knows too many naughty songs."

Fair Friend—"Does he sing them?"

She—"No, but he's always whistling them."

\* \* \*

**Song of the Tire Chain**

Wee, wee, wee,

Klop, klop, klop,

Squeak, squawk, squeak,

Twat, twat, twat.

\* \* \*

Girls may smoke. However, the correct way to light a match still remains a man's privilege.

\* \* \*

**In Valparaiso**

Why so sad, Diogenes?

I was going up College Avenue looking for an honest man, and, alas, someone stole my lantern.

\* \* \*

"That pianist sure claws a mean batch of ivories."

"Yeh, he sure beats a nasty can!"

\* \* \*

"Now do be sure to come and see us soon, won't you?"

"Yes, we will. We'll call on you the first time we go slumming."



### **Soliloquy of a Hooch-hound**

When my soul becomes clogged with evil deeds, my mind and conscience inundated with hideous hallucinations, and my heart dry and acrid with the pain of living, I imbue my soul, my heart, my mind with King Alcohol.

Then, as the morning breeze dissipates the fog, the kindly King cleanses my soul; as the sun dries and purifies the stagnant swamp, so Alcohol transforms the morass of my mind into a verdant meadow; as the spring rains change the desolation of winter into flowers and grain, so my lord and master changes the cynical, skeptical desert of my heart into an oasis of compassion and philanthropy.

That's why I drink.

\* \* \*

### **The Diff'unce**

Percival chews Spearmint,  
John, Virginia twist;  
Percy shakes a wicked hoof,  
And John, a wicked fist.

\* \* \*

### **Special For the Clergy**

"Father," explained the visitor to the priest, "I ask pennance for the sin of bootlegging."

Father Kelly was puzzled and telephoned the superior father for advice.

"What shall I give a bootlegger, Very Reverend Sir?" the priest inquired.

"Don't give him more than five dollars," came the answer. "That's all I ever pay."



### London Post Toastie

"Oh, what a naughty little boy," cried the kind lady, "to beat and kick his poor mother like that!"

"Take no notice of the choild at all," responded the proud mother. "Bliss his little heart, he must do everything he sees his father do!"

\* \* \*

Bones to Bones,  
And skin to skin;  
Ain't it heck  
When a feller's thin?

\* \* \*

### Lodge Notice

The Bootleggers' Benevolent Association of America.

Meets every Thirsty night at Wood-Alco Hall. At our next meeting the following officers will be installed:

F. U. Selloyl, High Muck-a-Muck of the Mash.

I. Rob. Sellers, Bearer of the Boot.

Formal D. Hyde, Lord of the Leg.

R. Ott Gutt, Licker of the Labels and Seals.

A special lecture on "Making Moonshine with the Materials at Hand" will be given, with Prof. Ray Sinn at the Still.

\* \* \*

### Spring Sports

Standing in the barnyard and watching the cows come in.



## Questions and Answers

**Dear Captain Billy**—I am a young man, fifteen years old, and I am going with two girls, one fourteen and the other twenty-seven. Do you think it possible to love both of them at the same time?—**Willie Bohy.**

No, Willie, not if they know it.

\* \* \*

**Dear Cap'n Bill**—When the silverware for your meal consists of more than three pieces, which side do you start on, the right or left?—**Konnick Essen.**

Start at either side, Konnick, but be sure and have one piece left for the dessert.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Bill**—Of late I have been having trouble with my lungs and thought perhaps you could suggest a remedy.—**Ada Clock.**

Dear Ada—Merely open a window and throw out your chest.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—Please give us the definition of Booster, also Knocker.—**Isin Yet Tu.**

A Booster is a man with something to sell, and a Knocker is one who bought some of it.



**Dear Capt. Billy**—What is the difference between a dawnce and a dance?—**Iowa Bill.**

The difference between a dawnce and a dance is one dollar and fifty cents and three fights.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—What is a goblet?—**Frank Furter.**

A small sailor.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Bill**—My little boy has worms; what would you suggest?—**Alvie.**

Feed him fish, fish like worms.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—Percy, my sixteen-year-old son, says his greatest ambition is to sing tenor in a glee club. What shall I do?—**Worried Mama.**

The case is hopeless. You never should have named him Percy.

\* \* \*

**Dear Doctor Bill**—One night at a party I met a fellow and he had to escort me home. When we got to a dark place he pushed me into a mud puddle and ran. Do you think he loves me?—**Sis Hopkins.**

There can be no question of it.

\* \* \*

**Dear Captain Whiz Bang**—I very much enjoy hunting, but also believe in the protection of wild animal life. What shall I do?—**Daniel Boone of Kokomo.**

Always use blank cartridges.



**Dear Capt. Billy**—Since I enrolled at the University, I have heard the girls talking about dates. Tell me what a date is and how to acquire them.—*Iowa Girl*.

Dates grow in Palestine, Arabia, and other Oriental countries. They also flourish on the walls of telephone booths and in pool halls. Send me your picture and you will hear from me soon or I will return the picture.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—Can you recommend a stiff drink?—*Bill Eltinge*.

Embalming fluid.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—What is your idea of an ideal job?—*Abie Friedman*.

Pork inspector for the City of Jerusalem.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—What fish does a girl like most?—*A. John*.

Her ring.

\* \* \*

**Dear Capt. Billy**—Do you believe in reincarnation,—*Havana Eggie*.

Can't say as I do. However, should I ever be reincarnated my hopes are to be either a colored man or a Hebrew. A colored man, you know, doesn't want anything much and a Hebrew usually has all he wants.

\* \* \*

They called the baby Fish-hooks—it was such a "catchy" name.



### The Ace of Tragedies

"It was in the spring of 1896," related the grizzled veteran of the Yarn-Stretcher's Club, according to the London Post, "that I was out in the Wild West. I was on a jury that was trying a man for homicide. I hated to think of the fellow being hanged, so I stuck out against the other eleven jurymen for five solid days and nights. My obstinacy was rewarded. One by one they gave in, and we returned into Court and returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' The only thing that spoiled my satisfaction with the result was that some of the citizens had lynched the prisoner the first day we were locked up."

And he sighed, reminiscently, as he took another gulp of his whisky-and-soda.

\* \* \*

### Toole's Best One

Small boy (handing grocer two cents)—"I want two cents' worth of bananas."

"We have no bananas," said the grocer, not wanting to monkey with two cents.

"What's them?" said the boy, pointing to a bunch of bananas.

"Pineapples," the grocer replied.

"Well, gimme two cents' worth of pineapples."

\* \* \*

### Southern Hospitality

*Does you all like yore entatanment wit or witout?*



### **Walking with a Purpose**

I love to walk.

Last Sunday I took the most wonderful stroll.

I went for quite some distance through the park, thoroughly enjoying every breath of the cool, crisp air. I felt like a new man as I hastened onward, increasing my speed at every step. I walked on and on, drinking in the beauty of all about me. It was wonderful.

Finally I picked her up.

\* \* \*

### **Coffin Nail Epitaph**

*Here lies my good friend*

*Willie Betts;*

*His age was ten—*

*Cigarettes.*

\* \* \*

### **Our Monthly Proverb**

A stitch in time gathers no moss.

\* \* \*

In the vernacular of the Bowery,

"DE OILY BOID CATCHES DE WOIM."

\* \* \*

### **A Warning to Flappers**

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, all good girlies go to Heaven,  
8, 9, 10, e-leven, 12, all bad girlies don't.

\* \* \*

### **Our Latest Song Hit**

"A Cat Has Nine Lives, But a Bull Frog  
Croaks Every Night."



### Our Chestnut Rack

Two Irishmen held up a Scotchman, who had put up a terrific battle, but finally was overcome. After the two Irishmen had gotten Sandy's pocketbook, which was tied up with a stout string, they ran away.

Unwinding the string and poking his fingers into the corners of the thing, Pat finally located a solitary five cent piece. Looking at it a moment in silence, he turned to his companion and said, "My gausch, Mike, suppose he'd had a dime, he would have killed both of us."

\* \* \*

Here's to the good old sea gull,  
That cleans up Frisco's Bay;  
With a tummy full of sardines  
He flies to San Jose.

\* \* \*

### To Molly of Havana

Mia Mamacita, she's una grande fool;  
She makes me hot tamale,  
Then sets it out to cool.

\* \* \*

### Our Monthly Motto

"A girl in your arms is worth two on the 'phone."

\* \* \*

"Did you hear the joke about the spoiled mulligan?"

"No."

"'Stoo bad, 'stoo bad."



### Motorcycle Mike

Mike and Pat went motorcycle riding one evening. All of a sudden they had a collision. Two hours later Pat recovered consciousness in a hospital and learned that Mike had been killed.

"He should have been dead long ago," remarked Pat, wryly, "he saw two bright lights ahead of him and the dang fool said to me: 'Watch me sneak through there.'"

\* \* \*

### At Havana Races

The old sport stood on a grand stand chair,  
There was muck in his whiskers and coots in his hair,  
But his voice rang out in the afternoon air:  
"She'll win in a walk, bejabers."

"She's from blue blooded stock—can't go slow,  
Out of Black Bess by Hungry Joe;  
Their money's on her—those who know,  
For she'll win in a walk, bejabers."

"She got off behind—at the turn was third  
Worked up to second, then slipped like a bird  
Fell in a ditch, when hit by the switch,  
And she wasn't in it, bejabers."

\* \* \*

### Pardon Me—

"I beg your pardon," cried the convict as the governor passed his cell.

\* \* \*

*I wish I was the Warden's daughter.*

*How come?*

*There's always men hangin' around.*

\* \* \*

"My wife's tongue is so long she doesn't have to use a towel to wash her face."



### The Traveling Man

I register, most any old hotel, some bug cage, fire trap with glue plant smell. In darkened hall I seek the number on the door, and find the bed—a sea of tumbled rags, used many nights before. And often I must lend my aid to drowsy, hook-worm chambermaid, who spreads and shakes and smoothes and tucks and toils and sweats to make it well—then I jump in and tear it all t'ell!

\* \* \*

*They were always happy until a stranger  
wrecked their lives,  
For she went back to the laundry, and he went  
back to his wife.*

\* \* \*

### Song of Newlywed

I must go home tonight,  
Oh, I must go home tonight,  
I don't care if it's snowing,  
Blowing, I'm going,  
I got married only this morning,  
And it fills me with delight,  
I'll stay out as long as you want next week,  
But I must go home tonight.

\* \* \*

For verily he that sitteth upon a toad stool  
shall arise again.

\* \* \*

"Might as well hitch my wagon to a star,"  
said the drunken teamster, as he passed his  
rope around the lamp-post.



### What Is All the Noise About?

The barber is shaving himself.

But why the argument?

He is trying to talk himself into having a  
massage.

\* \* \*

### Blank Verse

He had worked six months

In a ship yard,

And was worried

For fear they would hurt

The baby,

The day of the Baptism

When they hit him,

Over the head with the bottle.

\* \* \*

*He went in to church the first time and they threw  
water on him; the second trip they threw rice on him; the  
third time was the charm; they threw dirt on him.*

\* \* \*

### Back Porch Cross Fire

"Fire, Fire," said Mrs. McGuire.

"Where, Where?" said Mrs. Blair.

"Downtown," said Mrs. Brown.

"S' help us and save us," said Mrs. Davis."

\* \* \*

### The Penalty

Between women and wine

A man is not so smart,

For wine makes his headache,

And women his heart.

\* \* \*

I never looked up my family tree but I know  
that I'm the sap.



**'Twas Sweet of Her**

"Sweetheart," gushed his bride, "the grocery stores were all closed today, and—"

"I suppose I don't get any dinner," he cut in, eyeing his true love hungrily.

"No, my darling," she gurgled, "the confectionery was open, and I've made you some nourishing jelly bean soup."

\* \* \*

**In the Army**

He missed on four,  
Crapped out on six,  
Put in his own dice,  
And hit twenty licks.

\* \* \*

We went to a fair the other evening for the benefit of the church and took chances on everything but did not win a prize. About twelve o'clock, as I was leaving a friend told me to stick around and I did for an hour and one o'clock.

\* \* \*

**Wild Guy**

Clarence is a devilish boy,  
He loves his sarsaparilla,  
He drank two bottles yesterday  
Then smashed his umbrella.

\* \* \*

**Boo Hoo, Blooey**

She—When I die you'll never find another woman like me.

He—Well, you can take it from me, I'm not going to try.



## *Whiz Bang* Editorials

*"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."*

WHEN we were a soakey-nosed kid in Grand Forks, North Dakota, our teacher taught us a poem headed "Abou Ben Adhem," which went something like this, "Then count me among those who love his fellow-men."

It appears that old Abou Ben Adhem hadn't been listed among those in the angel's Book of Gold, having a sure ticket through St. Peter's gates, and for that reason the old fellow merely wanted to be charted among the Dead Game Sports who were square to their fellows; who judged not that they be not judged; that, being pure, to them all things were pure. The Abou Ben Adhem legend concluded by the angel making a return the next night and listing this old time legendary Sport on Page One of the Book of Gold.

Riley Grannan, who died in April, 1908, at Rawhide, Nevada, was one of these Dead Game Sports, and while we can't all be angels and see through the eyes of Billy Sunday and Doctor Crafts and lead the ordained exemplary life,



# True Confessions

A Fawcett Publication

## \$10,000 Short Story Contest!

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BY *Harvey Fawcett* Business Manager.

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Whiz Bang  
and  
True Confessions

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Robbinsdale, Minn. Feb. 15 1922

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Within a few weeks *True Confessions*, a Fawcett Monthly magazine, will make its appearance on the news stands of the United States and Canada with a new purpose and new ideas. We are in the field for distinctively interesting based-on-fact stories of ~~200~~ 10,000 words, and offer contributors---

Two grand prizes of \$1,000 each.  
Two second prizes of \$300 each.  
Two third prizes of \$200 each.  
Twenty prizes of \$100 each.  
Fifty prizes of \$50 each.  
One Hundred prizes of \$25 each.

The contest is divided into two sections. The first section closes June 30, 1922 and manuscripts which fail to win prizes in the first section will be entered in the second section automatically, and thus early contestants will have a second chance. The second section closes Oct. 1, 1922.

### FIRST SECTION

(Contest closes June 30, 1922)

\$1,000 Grand prize  
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Ten prizes of \$100 each  
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(Contest closes Oct. 1, 1922)

\$1,000 Grand prize  
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Ten prizes of \$100 each  
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**Suggestions:** Confessions of a Magdalene, Confessions of a Jimmy Valentine, Confessions of a Maniac, Confessions of a Dope Fiend, Confessions of Faithless Love, Confessions of Hate. All stories must be *unusual*. *True Confessions* will not consider cut and dried fiction. We will take our readers into the *inner chambers of real life*. Unless otherwise requested, writers' names will not be published. All manuscripts not prize winners will be purchased at space rates upon acceptance.

Further information will be supplied on request. Manuscripts should be addressed to---

W. H. FAWCETT, Editor,  
*True Confessions*

ROBBINSDALE,

MINNESOTA.



we can take a tip from the life of Riley Grannan and be Dead Game Sports no matter what path in life we follow.

Although it has been fourteen years since he passed into the Great Beyond, his kindly deeds and noble character centralizes conversation on the Havana race track and at all other turf gatherings.

Just a few brief explanatory remarks before we publish from an old issue of a Nevada newspaper the story of Grannan's burial. This Dead Game Sport was a famous race track plunger and his bets ran as high as \$200,000 on a single race, and the following is respectfully dedicated to "The Gang"—that bunch of care-free fellows who follow the lure of the turf. Riley Grannan was one of them in life, and no greater tribute could be paid him than that found in the desire of the "gang" that these, the last words spoken over his bier, should be preserved. None can read them without gleaning some inspiration, for they cannot fail to strike a harmonious chord upon the heart-strings of the coldest soul. As chronicled by Jeanne C. Grainger—

Rawhide, Nev., April 15, 1908—Half shielded under an oil-cloth blanket, lodged in a common express wagon, the casket of Riley Grannan was carried recently down dusty Rawhide avenue and along Nevada street from the tented establishment of the camp's undertaker to an improvised memorial chapel, a variety theatre at the rear of a saloon.

There congregated a throng in silks and corduroys, women of metropolitan costumes, miners covered with



high-grade grime, prospectors sun-tanned, brokers, bankers, merchants, promoters, owners of saloons, bartenders, gamblers, rounders. Tears that were shed dropped from the eyes of all. Again, as always in mining camps, class forgotten, all men were equal.

A solemn hush came down upon the little playhouse where last night and tonight, jostling crowds drank and smoked while listening to doubtful wit from the coarse jesters, men and women on the variety forum. Hovered about the bier of Riley Grannan, race track plunger of national renown, was as solemn a group of sincere mourners as ever gathered to pay final tribute.

Solos were offered by Mrs. Hedricks, once an actress of wide fame, now wife of the editor of a Rawhide daily paper, and by Jack Hines, miner of Alaska, and leaser of Rawhide. Punctuations came with resounding blasts from a score of mines on the mountains just above. Saloons were closed and the streets were silent throughout the service. At its end a solemn cortege trudged with the remains, destined by automobile to travel thirty miles to Schurz, there to go aboard the cars to Riley's brother in Kentucky.

Unique beyond experience and dramatic beyond compare was the eulogy pronounced by H. W. Knickerbocker, once a clergyman, then a mine operator of Goldfield, later a Rawhide pioneer. Hardly orthodox, but wholly in keeping with the scene and the mute desires of the dead, was the orator's appearance. The once pulpit exponent stood beside the lily-laden bier, his eyes bedimmed with tears, his voice choked with a fraternal emotion, he was shod in high boots and clothed in the rough garb of a miner. A stenographic report of the eulogy follows:

"I feel that it is incumbent upon me to state that I now occupy no ministerial or prelatic position. I am only a prospector. I make no claims to moral merit whatever or to religious authority except it be the religion of the brotherhood of man. I wish to be taken only as a man among men, feeling that I can shake hands



and style as my brother the most humble of you all. If there may come from me a word of moral admonition, it springs not from a sense of moral superiority, only from the depths of my experience.

"Riley Grannan was born at Paris, Ky., about forty years ago. He cherished all the dreams of boyhood. Those dreams found their fruition in phenomenal success financial. I am told that from the position of a bellboy in a hotel, he arose to be a celebrity of world wide fame. Riley Grannan was one of the greatest plungers the continent has produced. He died day before yesterday at Rawhide.

"That is a brief statement. We have his birth, and the day of his demise. Who can fill the interim? Not I. Who can tell his hopes and fears? Who knows the mystery of his quiet hours? Not I.

"Riley Grannan was born in the sunny southland of Kentucky. He died in Rawhide. That is the beginning. That is the end. Is there in this picture of what Ingersoll said at the grave of his brother, 'Whether it be near the shore, or in mid-ocean, or among the breakers, at the last a rock must mark the end of one and all.'

"Born where brooks and rivers run musically through prolific soil, where magnolia gladiiflora, like white stars, glow in a firmament of green, where lakes, the greensward and the softest summer breezes dimple the wavelets, where the air is resonant with the melody of a thousand sweet-voiced birds and redolent of the perfume of blooming flowers, that was the beginning. Riley Grannan died in Rawhide, where in winter the tops of the mountains are clothed in garments of ice and in summer the blistering rays of the sun beat down upon the skeleton of the desert.

"Is there in this a picture of universal life? Sometimes, when I look upon the circumstances of life there comes to my lips a curse. I relate to you only my views. If these run counter to yours, believe that what I say is sincere. When I see the ambitions of man defeated, when I see him struggling with mind and body to ac-



comply his end, when I see his aim and purpose frustrated only by a fortuitous combination of circumstances over which he can exert no control, when I see his outstretched hands about to grasp the flag of victory, and to seize instead the emblem of defeat, I ask, 'What is life?' Dreams, awakening, death. Life is a pendulum betwixt a smile and a fear. Life is but a momentary halt within the waste and then the nothing we set out from. Life is a shadow, a poor player that struts and then is heard no more. Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound, signifying nothing. Life is a child-blown bubble that but reflects the shadow of its environment and is gone, a mockery, a sham, a lie, a fool's vision, its happiness but Dead Sea apples, its pain the crunching of a tyrant's heel. Omar says it better when he says: 'We are but a moving row of magic shadow shapes that come and go, around with a sunny lumined lantern held in midnight for the master of the shore, but helpless pieces of the game we play on the checkerboard of night and day; hither and thither moved or checks or slaves, and one by one back into the closet laid. The ball, no question, makes of eyes or nose, but here or there, as strikes the player, goes. But he that tossed you down into the field; He knows, He knows.' He knows, but I don't. That's my mood. Not so with Riley Grannan.

"If I have gauged his character correctly, he accepted the circumstances surrounding him as the mystic officials to whom the universe had delegated its whole office concerning him. He took defeat and victory with equal equanimity. He was a man of placid exterior. His meteoric past shows him invincible in spirit and it is not irreverently that I proclaim him a dead game sport. When I use that phrase I do so filling it as full of practical human philosophy as it will hold. Riley Grannan fully exemplified the philosophy of those fugitive verses, 'It's easy enough to be happy when life goes along like a song; but the man worth while is the man who will smile when everything goes wrong; for the test of the



heart is trouble, and it always comes with the years; and the smile that is worth the homage of each is the smile that shines through tears.'

"There are those who will condemn him. They believe that today he is reaping the reward of misspent life. They are those who are dominated by mediaeval creeds. Them I am not addressing. They are ruled by the skeleton hand of the past. They fail to see the moral side of a character lived outside their puritanical ideas. Riley Grannan's goodness was not of a type that reached its highest manifestation in ceremonious piety. It found its expression in the handclasp of friendship. It found its voice in the word of cheer to a discouraged brother. His were deeds of quiet charity. His were acts of manhood.

"Riley Grannan lived in the world of sport. My words are not minced because I am telling what I believe to be true. It was the world of sport, sometimes of hilarity, sometimes worse. He left the impress of his character upon us all, and through the medium of his financial power he was able with his money to brighten the lives of all who knew him. He wasted his money, so the world says; but did it ever occur to you that the men and women of such class upon whom he wasted it are yet men and women? A little happiness brought into their lives means as much to them as happiness carried into the lives of the straight and the good. If you can take one ray of sunshine into the night life and thereby carry a single hour of happiness, you are a benefactor. Riley Grannan did this.

"God confined not his sunbeams to the nourishing of potatoes and corn. His scattering of sunshine was prodigal. Contemplate. He flings the auroral beauties round the cold shoulders of the north. He hangs the quivering picture of the mirage above the palpitating heart of the desert. He scatters the sunbeams like shattered gold upon the bosom of a myriad of lakes that gem the robe of nature. He spangles the canopy of night with star jewels and silvers the world with the reflected beams from on high. He hangs the gorgeous crimson



curtain of the occident across the sleeping room of the sun. 'God wakes the coy maid of the morning to step timidly from her boudoir of darkness, to climb the steep of the orient, to fling wide the gates of morning and to trip o'er the landscape, kidding the flowers in her flight. She arouses the world to herald with their music the coming of her King, who floods the world with effulgent gold.' These are wasted sunbeams. Are they?

*I say to you that the man or woman who by the use of money or power is able to smooth one wrinkle from the brow of human care or to change one moan or sob into a song, or to wipe away a tear, and to place in its stead a jewel of joy, is a public benefactor. Such was Riley Grannan.*

"The time has come to say goodbye. For the friends and loved ones not here to say the word, let me say goodbye, old man. We will try to exemplify the spirit of your life as we bear the grief at our parting. Words fail me here. Let those flowers, Riley, with their petaled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance these sentiments too tender for words. Goodbye."

\* \* \*

### Something Wrong

Little Willie—Ma, is Pop taking you out to dinner tonight?

Mother— Yes, then to the theatre.

Little Willie—What's the matter?

\* \* \*

### Help! Help!

"Burglars! Burglars!" cried Jones, sticking his head out of the window and yelling like mad.

"What's the row, mister?" asked a passerby.

"For heaven's sake, friend, send a burglar here—there's a policeman in my cellar."



### Speaking of Colors

My nose is red only when I blow it; then it's blew.

\* \* \*

"My dear man," said the kind lady, "don't you know that whisky kills more men than bullets?"

"I don't dispute your word one bit," the tramp replied, "but for my part I would rather be full of moonshine than bullets any day."

\* \* \*

### She Said Thusly

Manslaughter me with kisses, daddy, then crucify me with love.

\* \* \*

*Let us now sing that plaintive melody in three keys, Ikey, Jakey, and Whiskey. The last key is where you get the spirit of the song.*

\* \* \*

### Beautiful Optics

Her eyes were as black as jet,  
This charming girl I knew;  
I kissed her, and her husband came,  
Now mine are jet black too.

\* \* \*

***George Washington washed the country and the reformers dried it.***

\* \* \*

"Do you like Shakespearean roles?"  
"Our baker never handles them."

\* \* \*

They told me my flivver was twenty horsepower but I've only been able to locate four plugs.



## Smokehouse Poetry

*In one of our first issues Whiz Bang published 'Ostler Joe, but our circulation was comparatively small at that time and as a result many who sought the poem were disappointed. Many requests for it, coupled with our inability to supply back copies, will bring the poem back to these pages next month. 'Ostler Joe was originally published under the name of "Phryne's Husband" and is a story of a broken home.*

\* \* \*

### Absolution

By E. Nesbit.

Three months had passed since she had knelt before  
The grate of the confessional, and he,  
The priest, had wondered why she came no more  
To tell her sinless sins—the vanity  
Whose valid reason graced her simple dress,  
The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads—  
The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,  
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.

She was the fairest maiden in his fold,  
With her sweet mouth and musical pure voice,  
Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,  
Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise.  
Her happy laugh, her wild, unconscious grace,  
Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,  
The comprehending sympathy she had,  
Had made of her the idol of the place.

And when she grew so silent and so sad,  
So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,  
And cared no more to laugh and to be glad  
With other maidens by the waterside,



All wondered; kindly grieved the elders were,  
And some few girls went whispering about,  
"She loves—who is it? Let us find it out?"  
But never dared to speak of it to her.

But the priest's duty bade him seek her out  
And say, "My child, why dost thou sit part?  
Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?  
Come and unfold to me thine inmost heart,  
God's absolution can assuage all grief  
And all remorse and woe beneath the sun,  
Whatever thou hast said, or thought or done,  
The holy church can give thy soul relief."

He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed  
With pity for the sorrow in her eyes,  
Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed  
Into his soul a sort of sad surprise.  
She answered, "I will come;" and so at last,  
Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,  
With heart reluctant and with footsteps slow,  
Into the cool, great, empty church she passed.

"By my own fault, my own grievous fault,  
I cannot say, for it is not," she said,  
Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault,  
And on the ledge her golden hair was spread.  
"Love broke upon me in a dream; it came  
Without beginning, for to me it seemed  
That never otherwise than as I dreamed  
Through all my life this thing had been the same.

"I only knew my heart, entire, complete,  
Was given to my other self, my love;  
That I through all the world would gladly move  
So I might follow his adored feet.  
I dreamed I had all earth, all time, all space,  
And every blessing, human and divine;  
But hated the possessions that were mine,  
And only cared for his beloved face."

"I never knew I loved him till that dream  
Drew from my eyes the veil, and left me wise.  
What I had thought was reverence grew to seem  
Only my lifelong love in thin disguise.  
And in my dream it looked so sinless, too,  
So beautiful, harmonious, and right;



The vision faded with the morning light,  
The love will last as long as I shall do."

"Child, have you prayed against it?" "Have I prayed?  
Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer;  
Stopped up my ears with sound of praying; made  
My very body faint with kneeling there  
Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,  
That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep  
Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap  
To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss!

"Avoid him? Ay, in dewy garden walk  
How often have I strayed, avoiding him,  
And heard his voice mix with the common talk,  
Yet never turned his way. My eyes grow dim  
With weeping over what I lose by day  
And find by night, yet never have to call  
My own. O God! is there no help at all—  
No hope, no chance, and no escapeful way?"

"And who is he to whom thy love is given?"  
"What? Holy church demands to know his name?  
No rest for me on earth, no hope of heaven  
Unless I tell it? Ah, for very shame  
I cannot—yet why not?—I will—I can!  
I have grown mad with brooding on my curse.  
Here! Take the name; no better and no worse  
My case will be. Father, thou art the man!"  
An icy shock shivered through all his frame—  
An overwhelming, cold astonishment;  
But on the instant the revulsion came,  
His blood felt what her revelation meant.  
"Lord Christ," his soul cried, while his heart beat fast,  
"Give strength in this, my hour of utmost need;"  
And with the prayer strength came to him indeed,  
And with calm voice he answered her at last:

"Child, go in peace! Wrestle and watch and pray,  
And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,  
That God will take thy strange great grief away.  
Thou hast confessed thy sin. Absolve te."  
Silence most absolute a little while,  
Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown  
Over the knee-worn stones, and soft died down  
The dim, deserted, incense-memoried aisle.

All night he lay upon the chancel floor,  
And coined his heart in tears and prayers, and new



Strange longings he had never known before,  
Her very memory so thrilled him through.  
He lay so tempest-tossed, 'twas still without,  
And moaned: "Oh, God! I love her, love her so!  
Oh, for one spark of heaven's fire to show  
Some way to cast this devil's passion out!

"Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,  
Oh, save me from myself, save her from me!"  
And at the word the moon came out again  
From her cloud-palace, and threw suddenly  
A shadow from the great cross overhead  
Upon the priest; and with it came a sense  
Of strength renewed, of perfect confidence  
In Him who on that cross for men hung dead.

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,  
And moonlight glimmered into ghostlier dawn,  
The shadow that the crucifix had made  
With twilight mixed; and with it seemed withdrawn  
The peace that with its shadowy shape began,  
And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased  
The wild devotion that had filled the priest—  
And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man!

He strode straight down the church and passed along  
The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope;  
The woods about were musical with song,  
The world was bright with youth, and love, and hope.  
Soon would he see her—cry, "I am thine own,  
As thou art mine, now, and forevermore!"  
And at her worshipped feet would kneel before,  
And she should kiss the lips that had not known.

The kiss of love in any vanished year.  
And as he dreamed of his secured delight,  
A mourning band, and in their midst a bier,  
Round the curved road came slowly into sight.  
He hastened to pass on; a covering-fold  
Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—  
Did he not know that hand, so white and wet?  
Did he not know those dripping curls of gold?

"We came to you to know what we should do,  
Father, we found her body in the stream,  
And how it happened, God knows!" One other knew—  
Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—  
Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—



Knew how the shame of hopeless love confessed  
And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast,  
Till only death should make her clean again.

They left her in the church where sunbeams bright  
Gilded the wreathed oak and carven stone  
With golden floods of consecrating light;  
And here at last, together and alone,  
The lovers met, and here upon her hair  
He set his lips, and, dry-eyed, kissed her face,  
And in the stillness of the holy place  
He spoke in tones of bitter, blank despair:

"Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see!  
Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling!  
This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,  
Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.  
Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,  
That could no longer strive against its face,  
For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,  
And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

"The chances were the same for us," he said,  
"Yet thou has won, and I have lost, the whole;  
Thou would'st not live in sin, and thou art dead—  
But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,  
And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well.  
I have cursed God, and trampled on His cross;  
Earth has no measurement for all my loss,  
But I shall learn to measure it in hell!"

\* \* \*

### **Do It Now**

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,  
If you like him or you love him; tell him now;  
Don't withhold your approbation 'til the parson makes oration  
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.  
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;  
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;  
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to  
him,  
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and  
sunny,  
The hearty, warm approval of a friend.



For it gives to life a savor and it makes you stronger, braver,  
 And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.  
 If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him—let him know  
 it;  
 Let the words of true encouragement be said;  
 Do not wait 'til life is over and he's underneath the clover,  
 For he

cannot read

his tombstone

when he's dead.

\* \* \*

### Vale Murdum Peride Vitam

*This farewell message in verse was left by Dr. Sommers  
 of St. Louis, who took his own life at the Physicians and  
 Surgeons College.*

By Dr. Osmund Sommers.

Good night old world, good bye to all your joys,  
 Your sorrows, pleasures, passions, pomp and noise.  
 I leave you now, for the eternal silence of the stars—  
 The deafness of unbounded space,  
 Where bars no longer hold the soul in durance vile,  
 Where naught can wound and nothing can defile,  
 Where the pure spirit shall despise the things  
 The sense on earth hath loved on wings.

Bathed in the ether of eternity,  
 How sweet to feel from every passion free!  
 And yet, it is an awful leap to take  
 Into the great unknown! Perchance to wake  
 To greater woes indeed than we have  
 And hoped to bury in the silent grave.  
 But still, the great majority is there!  
 Or tremble when the hour supreme has come.

The grave at least, gives rest from trouble here,  
 And may we hope for sweet oblivion there.  
 When Charon, come! I signal thee tonight!  
 Come, row me o'er the Styx! I've lost the fight.

\* \* \*

If a thing is worth having, it's worth fighting for.

On that principle the institution of marriage is founded.



## Knickerbocker Spice

NEW YORK is so dull in comparison with the Hollywood film colony, with its mad quest for joy at any cost, that we are rather ashamed to present the more or less dull events of the month.

The once-so-gay film parties—alas—are very circumspect these days. Although a recent one nearly resulted in newspaper headlines. It seems that the affair was given in honor of a star on a visit from the coast. Said star's younger brother brought along a feminine friend who imbibed the stuff that Mr. Volstead thought he had absolutely prohibited. Probably it wasn't *exactly* the stuff, for the lady became violently ill. With memories of the Arbuckle episode before them, the guests hastily departed. The visitor recovered but the party was as ruined as the heroine in the old-time melodrama.

\* \* \*

MOST of the screen players seem to be planning to go abroad. Nobody can tell exactly when one's letters or telegrams or something may be unearthed after some



quiet little informal murder in Hollywood. Here we might add that the vogue for monogrammed nighties has completely disappeared.

We can't exactly blame anyone for going, not when we hear of the giddy, carefree life on the other side—if you have the necessary wherewithall. For instance, a chap just back from Paris told me the other day of the Bal des Quatz Arts, the annual student art revel of the Latin Quarter.

Tickets are hard to get, for the real Quarter inhabitants decline to let it develop into a sight-seeing affair. However, a friend secured the tickets and the two chaps invited a duo of pretty little models of the studios. Everyone was supposed to go in Carthaginian costume—whatever that is. The Americans secured attire claimed by the renters to be strictly 100 per cent Carthaginian and then they went around after the models. Mimi and Fleurette were waiting when they drew up in one of those queer Paris taxis. And Mimi and Fleurette were attired in conventional cloaks. Dainty dance slippers gleamed from beneath. The Americans had been wondering what a feminine Carthaginian costume would be and they were disappointed—momentarily.

Mimi and Fleurette expressed hunger on reaching the hall and the Americans gallantly proffered a supper invitation. Imagine their surprise when Mimi and Fleurette tossed aside their cloaks and revealed that their costumes



were simple golden belts. Nor were the feminine costumes of other young women in and about the two models any more elaborate.

Later, at the ball itself, the Americans found reproductions of famous statuary groups posed by living models, the elect of the studios. It goes without saying that the statuary later came to life and danced with the others all night.

The ball concluded with a beauty contest. And it was a real beauty contest, for there were none of the advantages or camouflages provided by the modiste. "Not even a beaded eyelash was permitted as a costume," my friend tells me. The festivities concluded when everyone went out on the boulevard and plunged into a nearby fountain. After that the Carthaginians retired to their studios and garrets. A pleasant time was had by all.

Yes, Paris has its attractions. Ruby de Remer, the famous screen beauty, has just returned from that piquant village with trunks and trunks of black negligee, the latest vogue in France. You should have viewed those gleaming black robes de nuit!

\* \* \*

**A**NOTHER tale we hear is of a lavish and decorative nest belonging to a well known manager and located beneath his theater in New York. The place is beautifully furnished with treasures from the Continent and Asia. Divans of fabulous value adorn the



place. So do incense burners from the Far East, tapestries that date back to the middle ages and jeweled keepsakes that may have belonged to rajahs. Back of the place is a modern kitchen, where suppers are prepared for the manager's guests. It is all very atmospheric— But words fail us. We leave you to draw your own picture. Soft music, soft divans, soft viands \* \* \*

**T**HEN there's Erich von Stroheim's million dollar movie, "Foolish Wives," for instance. This has been a picture after the censors' own heart. The hero is a degenerate Russian count who drinks perfume, lives with two pretty adventuresses, ru-u-ins a serving maid, tries to capture an American ambassador's wife and is only prevented by a fire, and ends by being killed when he climbs into the bedroom of a half-witted peasant girl. The ambassador's wife, by the way, leaps from a balcony to escape the fire and has the first premature baby ever noted in the films. You can imagine how the censors tackled this material.

The baby must have puzzled them. They apparently are found on the back porch—or somewhere. The censors didn't seem to know what to do about it, for the premature child was shown at the film premiere. Later it disappeared.

The producers themselves cut some 200,000 feet out of von Stroheim's original negative to



get the story down to these ornate essentials. It is said that someone has offered the producers \$50,000 for the cut out portions, with a view towards showing them in sections of Europe and South America where the cinema flickers can't be too strong for 'em.

\* \* \*

**T**HE theatrical events have not been at all intriguing. The stage year, which started with such a sprightly trend that police intervention not only seemed likely but actually occurred, has petered out to a mild termination. Even a reformer wouldn't be horrified at anything among the late events—at least not much.

Of course, there was Lillian Lorraine's return, after we had read columns and columns about her paralysis from an injured or broken spine. In "The Blue Kitten" Lillian wears costumes that reveal her spinal column to be in fine form to the last vertebrae.

\* \* \*

### **A Problem in Figures**

Some girls are naughty;  
Others are naught.

\* \* \*

I'm not the soda jerker in this drug store, madam, I'm the head bartender.

\* \* \*

He—I dreamed I proposed to a beautiful girl.  
Dizzy Blonde—What did I say.



### John D.'s Art

"Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefeller?"

"No, ma'am, no one has. He has never been done in oil."

\* \* \*

### Ay, There's the Rub

*It isn't the can that annoys the dog,  
It's the fact that it's tied to his tail.  
It isn't the troubles that make life hard,  
It's the number of them that you fail.  
It isn't the time you waste on her,  
Nor the thriftless gold you spend,  
But the cold and unrelenting kick  
Dad hands you in the end.*

\* \* \*

"Waiter," growled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this! Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice the size of this."

"Indeed, sir!" replied the waiter. "Where did you sit?"

"By the window," answered the customer.

"Oh, that explains it!" said the waiter. "We always give the people at the window a large helping. It's a good advertisement!"

\* \* \*

### College Humor

He (trying to make conversation)—"Have you many fast friends?"

She (Indignantly)—"Sir! I'm not that kind of a girl."



### Purple Cow's Best One

Cleo—"When Bill danced with me last night he kept letting his hand slip down my back."

Patricia—"I hope you rebuked him."

Cleo—"I did; I told him to keep it up."

\* \* \*

"Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat odder box of shoe blackin'?"

"Go on, nigga', dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's ma massage cream."

\* \* \*

### Flamingo

(Dennison University.)

*There is a cat in our home,*

*And it is wondrous fat;*

*It don't have any kittens 'cause*

*It ain't that kind of cat.*

\* \* \*

That sure is horse meat they serve in that restaurant.

Why, how do you know?

Well, I ordered a steak and just as I took a bite some teamster on the street hollered "Whoa" and that meat stuck right in my throat.

\* \* \*

Was the dance a success?

Yes, roughly speaking.

\* \* \*

Froth reports a successful banquet at a University of Pennsylvania fraternity house. A couple of the alumni were revenue officers.

\* \* \*

### Manicure Story

*"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
rough-hew them as we may."*



### Let Us Sing

Put away the tweezers till our eyebrows  
meet again.

\* \* \*

"Fleeced again," said the lamb, as he kicked at the  
high top boots.

\* \* \*

*A demi-virgin  
So I'm told  
Is bold  
And needs no urgin',  
Aye, but mon,  
Wouldn't you  
Love to  
Love a demi-john?*

\* \* \*

Stevie has a stiff job. He's working at the  
morgue.

\* \* \*

"I could live on limburger cheese alone."  
"You'd have to."

\* \* \*

The early bird catches the worm  
Of that there is no question.  
But if the worm should chance to turn  
M'gosh, some indigestion!

\* \* \*

Old maids always imagine there is a man in  
the house at night. But married women know  
better.

\* \* \*

### Good Morning, Eve!

So Eve looked over her shoulder at the Serpent and said,  
"I'd take your Juicy Fruit if you weren't so wrigley."



## Our Monthly Motto

Love one woman at a time, all children, and some men.

\* \* \*

*I ran into a girl with my Ford—made a hit—so I picked her up.*

\* \* \*

Pete and I had quite an argument the other day which we'll let our readers settle. He insisted that there were more women than men married last year.

\* \* \*

## Another Soap Song

*A masher stopped a pretty girl;  
Says she to him, "Oh, Shucks,"  
Wash your neck with Bon Ami,  
That may improve your Lux."*

\* \* \*

Wife—Jakey! Jakey! dars a burgular under the bed.  
Jakey—Sh-Sh-s-s-s, not a word; ve vill charge him  
for the night's lodging.

\* \* \*

"Golightly" Morrill writes that the girls in Egypt have plenty of speed but no control.

\* \* \*

*When I got off the train at Miami the red cap was as-  
suring—"Carry yo' bag, Boss? Never bus' a bottle yet."*

\* \* \*

## Add Fairy Tales

"I was so lonesome, dear, while you were away that I went to bed every night at nine o'clock."



## **The Psychology Test**

Puppet prints for the first time the results of the astounding psychological tests recently made by Prof. Ivan Awful Line, for Puppet. Anyone giving good reasons why these answers are correct will be awarded the Helium Medal for irresponsibles, the Sacred Cross of the Pink Polecats and the Ragged Ribbon of the Remingtons.

**First Question.** What would you do if you found yourself in an airtight room containing a mad dog, a rattlesnake and a pair of sleigh-bells?

**Answer.** Invariably you would grasp the rattlesnake by the hind leg and rattle him, thus scaring the dog. Now you have the dog rattled. Now toll the bells for a period of 93 seconds, and at once determine what the bells told. Then, at the psychological moment, sleigh the dogs with bells.—I. C. S.

**Second Question.** Supposing you had nothing to eat for three years. Suddenly you come upon a grocery store. On the outside of the store is a stand containing large, juicy, red apples. You steal one, and looking up, see a policeman. What would you do?

**Answer.** Run into the store, jump on a scale, and get a weigh.

**Third Question.** An Indian with a club foot, unable to walk, is stranded in the Sahara Desert sixty-two and three-thirds miles from a Child's Restaurant, with one pancake in his possession. How will he keep from starving?

**Answer.** In the absence of a Child's Restaurant, he can eat a man's lunch by the following means. First detach the Indian club from his foot, and with it puncture a large hole in the pancake. He can now eat the pancake, have the hole of it left, and have the Sahara for desert.



### **Pelican Stuff**

Does she dance badly?

Yes, if the chaperones aren't looking.

\* \* \*

*"My supper's cold!"*

*He swore with vim,*

*And then she made it*

*Hot for him.*

\* \* \*

My girl is so dumb she thinks an aspirin tablet is writing paper.

\* \* \*

*Sun Dodger says you always can draw the Queens if you have got the Jack.*

\* \* \*

### **Oh, That's Fine**

Lieutenant—Whoinell put these flowers on this table.

Sergeant—The Commanding officer, sir.

Lieutenant—Pretty flowers, aren't they.

\* \* \*

San Francisco dentist married a manicure girl and now they are fighting tooth and nail.

\* \* \*

### **Hang This On the Door Knob**

*The Creator gave you two ears and only one tongue, so you could hear twice as much as you say.*

\* \* \*

### **How Careless of Him**

(From the Clearville Independent.)

FOUND: at my home on 1820 Hunt avenue, gentleman's sterling cigarette case. Owner may have same by calling again.

—John Snow.



### Ikey's Mental Race Track

Ikey, our Jewish farm hand, was telling us the other night how smart his father was. He said his old man's fortune was started as the outcome of a train wreck in which both his father and mother were in.

"Vy, fadder had sich a quick mind that ven he saw mudder vas not hurt in the wreck he kicked her so hard in the face that he collected twenty-five thousand dollars damages."

\* \* \*

When woman was made out of man's rib someone pulled a bone.

\* \* \*

My wife can make it so good now at home that she calls it "the beer that makes Milwaukee jealous."

\* \* \*

I've got the Bakery Shop Blues because I kneed the dough.

\* \* \*

### The Punch Bowl

"Marion certainly must be a good girl."

"Why so?"

"Her name came up in the barber shop last night and no one knew anything about her."

\* \* \*

Resident—"Ah, a letter from my wife."

Visitor—"But there's no writing on the paper."

Resident—"No, we're not on speaking terms."



### **Simple Arithmetic**

Deacon Jones recently flivvered his eleven children to our village photographer.

"How much you charge for a photograph?" he asked.

"Eighteen dollars a dozen," replied the cameraman.

"Good-bye," said Jones, as he hustled his youngsters outside, "I'll be back next year."

\* \* \*

### **A Chafing Dish**

"Phat's a chafing dish?" asked O'Brien of O'Toole.

"A chafing dish," answered O'Toole to O'Brien, "is a fryin' pan thot's got into society."

\* \* \*

### **The Bull Colossal**

In rage the bull colossal rears  
His giant form against the god,  
Well, Taurus, well thou spurn'st the sod  
In that huge plunge of million years.

\* \* \*

It takes a diplomat to enter a barber shop  
and come out with no more than he went in for.

\* \* \*

I hate to play billiards with three balls as I dislike to make fun  
out of any one's business.

\* \* \*

The great man waved aside all objections.  
"Let 'em in," he cried, pointing to a delegation  
from the barbers' union. "I knew 'em when  
they were little shavers."



### Animal Tales

I thought you told me that dog of yours at the house was a good rat dog.

He sure is, Sam, he sure is.

Well, how come, when I passed there this morning that the dog was drinking milk out of a bowl with ten or eleven big rats drinking out of it, too?

Are you sure that was my house?

Sure am.

Well, you sure it was my dog?

Positively.

Well, then, you see those are our rats, but let any strange rats come around and he will take care of them all right.

\* \* \*

When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair he considers it a net gain. She considers it a net loss.

\* \* \*

There was a grass widow quite proper  
Who formally married A. Hopper;  
But he got a divorce;  
As a matter of course,  
The grass widow is now a grass-hopper.

\* \* \*

### Old Stuff

At twenty a kiss is an experiment, at forty a sentiment and after that—a compliment.

\* \* \*

"I believe in specialists, b'heck," said Hep White. "When my heart is bad I go to a heart specialist. When my lungs are bad I go to a lung specialist,—"

"Them's my sentiments, too," interrupted Mrs. Wilkins. "Take my boy, Jimmie. When his tonsils bothered I took him to a regular tonsorial artist."



### **Doggonit**

A farmer friend of mine was standing in the road with a gun tucked under his arm and an old dog at his side. He was directly in the path of a motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer \$10.00 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will \$5.00 satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a \$5.00 bill to the man with the gun, and said pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the river to shoot the dog."



### Rubbing It In

"My dear," remarked Smith as they were absorbing the beauties of the Grand Canyon. "Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I gaze at this vast expanse it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant man is." "Huh!" sniffed his better half. "I knew that before we ever came here."

\* \* \*

Men are like kerosene lamps; they are not over bright, usually turned down, most always smoke, and generally go out at night.

\* \* \*

### Then Maw Used the Rolling Pin

Little Johnny—"Maw, what did Paw mean when he said to that man: 'You've got a good figure?'"

Mama Hopkins—"I suppose he meant that he got a good price for some land he sold."

Johnny—"Say, Maw, does Paw's stenographer sell land, too?"

\* \* \*

### Good Yarn

"Darn sox!" exclaimed the young married lady as she threw the yarn in the work basket.

\* \* \*

### Proficiency

(From Langsford (Pa.) Leader.)

On Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, "The Busy Liar," a comedy from start to finish, will be given. The local members have been practicing for a long time.



## Insurance Bull

We knew a man with an automobile, who said he was a careful driver— AND HE WAS!

He said he would never injure anyone— AND HE DIDN'T!

He said if anything happened, it would be the other fellow's fault— AND IT WAS!

That didn't prevent the other fellow from demanding damages— AND HE DID!

Our man said it was not his fault and that he would not pay anything— AND HE DIDN'T!

The other chap said: "I'll sue you!"— AND HE DID!

Our friend's lawyer said: "We can beat him in court"— AND THEY DID!

Whereupon our friend said: "Ha, Ha, I win!"—

AND THEN

He paid his lawyer a fee of \$100, plus expenses, and ran his car the rest of the year at his own risk.

FOOLISH—WASN'T HE?

\* \* \*

## The Meat Boy's Love

I never sausage eyes as thine,  
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,  
And liver round me ever day  
We'd seek some ham—let far away,  
We'd meat life's frown with life's caress,  
And cleaver road to happiness.

\* \* \*

Men admire women for their beauty; respect them for their virtue; adore them for their intelligence and love them because they can't help it.

\* \* \*

Hives rhyme with wives,  
In sound and letter match—  
If I had both of these at once,  
Ye Gods! I'd have to scratch.



## Our Rural Mail Box

**Ina Ficks**—The father always holds the gun while brother gives the bride away.

\* \* \*

**Shilliday**—Sorry, we can't use your story entitled "I am onions for you, kid." It's too strong.

\* \* \*

**Willet Hert**—Gyp, the fortune teller, can get you in touch with departed spirits.

\* \* \*

**Lonely Wifie**—Don't worry about your husband while you are away. The chances are he isn't having a good time alone.

\* \* \*

**Will E. Koppitt**—When you are sitting in an apartment and see a pretty ship go by it is either time to clear the deck or pull in your periscope.

\* \* \*

**Helen Butte**—You win, Helen. Your sweetheart should get a job at herding sheep this summer.



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